
Title: MEMOIRS

Author: Brother Markus

In the middle of a stormy night, a deafening roar of thunder tore apart the heavens and woke us. It was to be followed by five rapid and resounding knocks on the main door. I rose out of bed, donned my sandals and walked to the double doors. A desperate hand was pounding on the wooden frame. Most likely some belated traveller had been caught in the storm, I thought.

As I half-opened the door, a swift streak of lightning pierced dramatically across the clouds, illuminating the darkness. Through the slashing rain appeared the figure of a bedraggled man, bedraggled yet with the certain stamp of nobility in his brow. Yet I did not recognize him. He rushed in, looking for the hearth. Several of my brethren helped him with dry clothes and a hot beverage. He said his name was Blackthorn, and that he had come a long way to seek refuge in our monastery.

He thanked us sincerely and then asked for hospitality, which we granted him. He said that he was an exile from a land called Britannia, and that since his departure he had been roaming the seas in search of a haven. He stayed with us,

at the Monastery, for
some time. We taught
him from the writings of
Xenka, whence he learned
that birth, ranks, titles,
power and gold are
meaningless, for this
world is but a
thoroughfare. We are all
brought into this world
equal in rights and we
depart from it carrying
nothing with us but our
deeds, good and ill.